

:-: A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-:

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

IN A FOG.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH MILLER. Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

WILLARD sighted relief as the crossroads signpost loomed thru the fog. He was lost in a strange and, one made weird, even spectral, by thick white vapors. The earth was dark and slippery and dead leaves in the autumn woods on either side gave out a pungent, penetrating, almost overpowering smell. He had loved it as he set out that morning for a day-long tramp. If he had been weatherwise he would have stayed at the log tavern notwithstanding its rough fare and lack of comfort. The wind had blown in languid sighing gasps with intervals of dead clam—down had been a red lower dog had barked acrid discontent and all the sparse poultry of the tavern had been noisy and restless, as were the ragged yearlings mules on the common fronting the house, and the stambling calves armoured in cackleburs, bawling about a weedy orchard.

"Fallin' weather shors as shootin'—but I reckon ye be neither sugar nor salt," the landlord had said with a grim face, yet half smiling, as he took pay for his entertainment. Willard had been glad to get away—so glad it amazed him now that he could revert longingly to the heaped log fire, the bread of puffed cornmeal, the buttermilk and fried bacon that had made his supper and breakfast. The early miles had been deliciously vagrant—he had walked as the woods invited him, not troubling himself to think of his compass so long as he kept the wind in his face. Then suddenly all things had blurred round about him—he had found with blank dismay that his compass was missing, fallen from his pocket doubtless as he stopped to look close at some sylvan mosaic of red and russet and gold-yellow, with a dash of velvet-green, moss showing through. Color was his passion—it had brought him here to range the hill country in its autumn splendors. Viewing these colors he had sighted—with a despairing happiness. Art could not catch nor repeat them—they were so far beyond it. But for them he was storing up memories that might turn up to gold later on.

His designs, henceforth, should have a primitive simplicity, joined to harmonies in multi-color. "If they did not bring him fame—money he had already—they might at least help to teach the backward a way to great doing. There would lie for him sufficient reward. Rapt in such thought the fog had seemed at first no more than an inconvenience. Hours of it, bringing him to the edge of sundown, hours of aimless and weary wandering, made him feel it now a menace.

He peered up at the cross-arms. Once they had been lettered boldly. In clear daylight the lettering might still be legible. He felt for matches, struck one—it flickered out. When he sought another his case proved to be empty. He would not be able to smoke the cherished last cigar much less to kindle a fire. Swearing under his breath he again looked at the guide-boards. As he looked he heard rapt hoof beats, then a girl's voice vainly crying, hushed by anxiety; "Are you there? I was afraid I say something, quick—I have felt lost this last hour."

"I am here all right enough," Willard began. The voice interrupted joyous-

Beauty Lessons From Life

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL FEET—

Take a Lesson from Marguerite Clark, Says Ida M'Glone Gibson.



Marguerite Clark.

This is the eleventh of a series of articles analyzing the famous American beauties, written

By IDA M'GLONE GIBSON, Beauty Expert of the West Virginian, and Author of "Confessions of a Wife."

"I am glad that barefoot dancing came into fashion," said the man who sat next to me at the movies, where Marguerite Clark was being pictured as a barefoot girl in a fair tale for children.

Small feet are beautiful only on a small body, and the sight of "fat, fair and forty" hobbling along on French heels which accentuate a number three shoe is both pathetic and ludicrous. One's feet were made to stand on and are in reality rather small supports for one's body, consequently they should be allowed great freedom. The pointed shoe, making the foot very long and narrow is a cultivated and

vitiated taste. Very large feet may be considered ugly but that is no reason why one should draw the inference that the smaller they can be made the more beautiful they are.

Feminine beauty is a matter of proportion. A foot, like a waist, may be ugly because it is too small, quite as well as because it is too large. The beauty of a foot lies in its arched structure. In the shortening and equal direction of the toes, among which the great toe is remarkably long. The middle part of the foot should not touch the ground.

Be sure that your shoes are a proper fit and then you won't need to soak the feet often in hot water. Wash them as you do the rest of the body and then massage them at night with a little cold cream if they ache.

Above all else walk on the balls of your feet and dance with your heels off the floor.

her and held them loosely, while she settled herself behind him with a little relieved sigh, saying: "It would have killed me, not to find you waiting. Yes—killed me. The shame of going to meet a laggard sweetheart! O! you must be good to me always—"

"I will—God helping me," Willard interrupted fervently. He felt her tremble as she leaned lightly against him, and slipped a tiny bare hand within his free one. Clearly she mistook him for the laggard with whom she had planned to elope—as clearly it would be the height of cruelty to let her discover her mistake, so long as they're alone in this hidden world. Mist had turned into a fine chill rain—not peeling, but penetrating. Very gently Willard felt her shoulders, to find them covered with more than a silk blouse. She laughed softly at his groping touch saying eagerly: "If I had put on my habit, or even a jacket they would have suspected—and stopped me. So I ran out, just as I was—making believe it was to tell Pete about shutting up my chickens. Oh," with an ecstatic breath "you can't know how good it feels to be—free."

Selma was indeed a weight carrier—also evidently built for a hunter. Bad as the footing was, he went gallantly, up hill, down dell, along levels of slippery clay surface. Presently he whined, keen and shrill, and was answered from afar. At the sound, he struck into a gallop, left the beaten road, and cut across open woodland, leaped a ragged brush fence edging it, and held on to a darker blur, evidently a stable. Once again he called—to be answered in several keys. Almost before they knew it, he fetched up plump against a paddock fence across which heads were thrust in welcome.

A flickering lantern showed a groom approaching them—his figure gnome-like in the light. "What-all you done bring back yere, old Selim?" he cried affably. "I knows yo whicker—fur as I kin hear it."

"Tell your master it's—the runaway couple—to come quick—with the li-

cence—he has it—we won't get down," the girl tried, clinging to Willard, her voice tense and edged. Here, indeed, was a crisis. Willard got hot and weak inside. How should he shame his trusting creature—yet how escape? He could not marry her out of hand, knowing nothing more of her than the ride had revealed. He could not take advantage thus of circumstance—still less could he leave her to shame and despair. What was it she had said—if he had not been there she would have died? She had mistaken him for another. The shock the agony of finding out that other had played her false, would make her even more desperate.

Better let the thing go on—he could luckily afford to set her free. Suddenly it flashed on him that as her husband he might be able to rid her of home tyrants. So when the minister, who was blue-eyed and balding, called to them from his back piazza Ride up—Don't expect me to go out in the wet, do ye?" Selim was duly guided to a space a yard in front of him, and held steady under a tight rein, while the marriage service was gone through. As Willard passed over a handsome fee, the parson said: "Better spell your name fer me, John, so's I may git the record plumb right. Baptis' Brother Turrentine'll make a big howdy-doo over this piece of work—and usep it if he can—don't want to give him a chance. As fer you, Ethel," addressing the girl, "I don't mind saying 'I's glad ter have helped ye out o' 'is chikens—he loved ye money so well, he never wanted ter part from it."

"Follow this; then the spelling is bound to be right," Willard said, handing over a card. The minister nodded, saying: "I'll see to the recordin' my own self to-morrow. You can call for the certificate any time after."

The fog was lifting slightly, the rain slackening. Reluctantly Selim went around the house, down a ragged lawn, to a stretch of turnpike that showed like a tunnel in the gloom. Night had fallen—a few stars peers dthru. Also lights from a house of fair size a little way off the road. Without a word Willard made for it—as silently, as masterfully he lifted Ethel down, and started to knock, but the door flew open before him. Inside an anxious, white-haired woman cried to them: "Ethel—Dear, how did you get here? Thank God—in time."

Inside a man—tall, young, handsome—lay gasping his last, past speech but not past consciousness. Joy illumined his glazing eyes, as they rested on Ethel. She shriek, sobbing, at his bedside. Kissed him once; then, with one glance at Willard, quietly fainted.

Explanation was easy. The dead man, John Tarbett, had been fatally hurt by a skidding car as he was going to keep his thryst. Hence his failure to meet Ethel. Chance or Providence sent John Willard instead of him. Willard showed his mettle finely—holding the sobbing girl tenderly but firmly, he explained to her the clouded situation, also what ease for her lay in making the futile ceremony

DOES YOUR FAMILY TURN UP ITS NOSE AT YOUR WARTIME MENUS?

By BIDDY BYE.

Most persons prefer certain foods, and refuse to eat others, from habit, and for this reason the housewife often finds her wartime kitchen economies somewhat coldly received by her family. The wise course, then, is to change her menus gradually, and to serve her meals without comment. Two meatless days are part of the plan of the following bills of fare:

- Sunday.**
Breakfast—Fruit, chilled beef on toast, coffee.
Dinner—Fruit punch, mock veal birds with carrots and peas, mashed potatoes, blueberry pie, coffee.
Supper—Toasted cheese sandwiches, pickles, fruit sherbet, cake.
- Monday.**
Breakfast—Uncooked cereal with dates and cream, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Macaroni with tomatoes, cucumber salad, graham muffins, tea.
Dinner—Hamburger balls, baked potatoes, sweet corn, prune soufflé.
- Tuesday.**
(Without Meat.)
Breakfast—Sliced peaches, French toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Corn chowder, whole wheat bread, marmalade, tea.
Dinner—Bean stew with dumplings,

- tomato salad, watermelon.
- Wednesday.**
Breakfast—Cantaloupe, fried mush or oatmeal, coffee.
Luncheon—Corn pudding, gingerbread, tea.
Dinner—Breast of lamb on casserole with vegetables, cucumber and onion salad, peach shortcake.
- Thursday.**
Breakfast—Rice with boiled raisins, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Coffin (creamed) in green peppers, rolls, tea.
Dinner—Thick stew of beef and vegetables, baked potatoes, Lady Baltimore cake, coffee.
- Friday.**
(Without Meat.)
Breakfast—Chilled watermelon, oatmeal and cream, coffee.
Luncheon—Corn fritters, rye muffins, blackberries, tea.
Dinner—New lima bean roast, mayonnaise of tomato, brown bread, peach dumplings, coffee.
- Saturday.**
Breakfast—Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Cream cheese salad with peppers, corn muffins, cocoa.
Dinner—Pork chops with apple sauce, boiled beets, chocolate eclairs, coffee.

effective. Unless she did, she must go back to the Turrentine house; if she did, he would promise her a brother's care and tenderness. So they were married over again in the presence of the dead. Ethel mourned him truly, but youth means love. If her face is an index now, these three years past, she has been as happy a woman as though she had no history.

HEALTH HINTS

To nurse her baby is the first duty of every mother. Mothers milk is composed of 87 parts of water and 13 parts of solids, these latter being fats, sugar, proteins and salts. The cream of the milk contains its fat; the lactose is its sugar; and the protein is the curd of the milk.

All these are essential to the proper nourishment of the child. The fat is needed to build up the tissues of the body and to produce body heat and energy. The sugar serves similar purposes.

The proteins are of very great importance, their use being to build up the muscle and all the tissues of the body. The salts are needed chiefly for the bones and the blood, while the water holds the food in condition of solution or minute subdivision so that it may be digested and assimilated and helps to work of the excretory organs.

Now although it is possible to modify

cow's milk in such a way that the proportions of fat, sugar, protein and water are not widely different from those in human milk, the latter has qualities which cannot be reproduced by any imitation, no matter how cunningly devised.

No one knows just what state the milk goes from the breast of the mother into the stomach of the babe, but such milk is perfectly adapted to the purpose which serves. In other words mother's milk is the one perfectly infant food.

Mothers who desire healthy and happy babies should nurse them. Not only does the mother's milk give the baby the help he must have in the complicated and difficult task of growing, but it renders him to a considerable extent immune to illnesses of many sorts and greatly increases his chances for life itself.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

H. M.: "Am stout and inclined to be

rousty, as I am a cigarmaker and all most of the time. How can I prevent this tendency?"
Lessen the amount of food eaten; increase the amount of water you drink. Eat meat but once a day and sparingly. Eat more of fruits and vegetables.

The Very Best.

Bess—"And is she a good housewife?" Jane—"A pippin! Why, the poor chap has no comfort whatever!"—Life.

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my household work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own household work. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

HOME FOLKS TESTIFY

There are so many people in Fairmont and in every city, town and hamlet in West Virginia who have been benefited by Dr. Pierce's medicines that it is nothing new to see their testimony in print.

Mrs. Annie Lewellyn, 215 Newton street, this city, says: "I developed a severe case of woman's weakness. I suffered with pains in the back and side, extending downward. This caused me to become nervous and weak and all run-down in health. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-

scription and this medicine cured me of all my weakness and restored me to health and strength. I have never had any return of the trouble. I know it to be a wonderful medicine for women

and can recommend it to those who suffer with womanly trouble." Mrs. J. D. Summers, 111 Diamond street, this city, says: "We have used Dr. Pierce's medicines in our family and they always gave perfect satisfaction. I have taken the 'Favorite Prescription' as a woman's tonic when I was weak, nervous and all run-down in health and found it very beneficial, so much so that I can recommend it to others who are ailing. I also had catarrh quite badly and was permanently relieved by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I can also recommend this medicine."

One nice thing about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription it contains no alcohol or narcotic nor any harmful ingredient. Put up in liquid and tablets and sold by druggists. If not obtainable, send \$1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will mail a large package of tablets.

Mrs. A. A. Atha, 200 Grafton street, this city, says: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped me when I most needed help and I am glad to recommend it. When I was going through middle age I became all run-down, weak and nervous, could not sleep, had severe pains in my back and hips so I could hardly walk. I took six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and it brought me through this critical period in a good, strong, healthy condition. Women who are going through this critical time should not suffer, but take 'Favorite Prescription.'"



MRS. ANNIE LEWELLYN.

scription and this medicine cured me of all my weakness and restored me to health and strength. I have never had any return of the trouble. I know it to be a wonderful medicine for women

Do You Always Insist on

MARION
100% Pure
ICE CREAM

MARION PRODUCTS CO.

P.S.—This is your protection.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-:

"You must pardon me, Miss Newton, but I can hardly credit that statement," Mrs. Van Rensselaer exclaimed. "said Paula as she continued the recital of her episode with the society woman.

"I stepped to the door and called a passing steward. 'Will you go on deck and tell Mr. Van Rensselaer his mother would like to see him?'"

"In a few minutes Jack was back in the cabin and looked surprised when he found me there.

"I have been looking for you all over the ship, Paula," he said.

"Jack, I want you to tell your mother what I answered when you asked me to marry you."

"Jack looked from one to the other and the color surged over his face.

"She told me I did not know my own mind and to go and marry Charlotte and be happy but mother I can never care for Charlotte well enough to marry her and I shall love Paula all my life."

"There you see, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, I refused your boy, who is a very dear boy, before I knew he was penniless."

"But I am not penniless," said Jack in surprise.

"You would be, dear, if you married me."

"Did you tell Paula this?" asked Jack sternly.

"But Jack, let me explain," begged the mother.

"There are no explanations," was his interruption, "because it is not true and you know it is not true. Paula, my grandfather left me over a million dollars that is mine no matter whom I marry. I am sorry to say my mother deliberately lied to you."

"With this he left the room and on the look his mother gave me as I followed I knew she blamed me for a whole episode.

"Margie," said Paula suddenly, whenever I stop to think of the awful things money makes us do it seems to me it is the real and most terrible curse we have put upon us this earth.

is absolutely valueless to us unless we buy with it something that we need much less than that which we squandered on the acquisition of money.

"Jack Van Rensselaer would never have the same felling for his mother that he had before he caught her in the lie she told me about his money. The mother had lost more than the entire million dollars by that one little untruth, and she told it that her son might marry Charlotte Mavis and add other millions to the more than enough he already had.

"Margie, the selfishness and greed of the individual—his grasping for money, money, money is the one perfectly heartless thing in the whole plan.

"Money has no soul; it only has the greatest capacity for sin. It creates the one insatiable desire in the material world.

"We may tire of love, but we never tire of money.

"We may not fear for the future of our immortal soul, but to face the future with no money strikes terror to our hearts and turns our blood to water."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR MANAGED TO GET A RIDE ANYWAY)—BY ALLMAN.

